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# Medicine



fantasy

pills

drugs

71 8 9

## Chapter 1 by SaintSayaka

What sits in your hand right now is, quite literally, a happy pill.

And you have another suitcase full of them, just waiting to be used.

**Chapter 2 by The Gerbil Overlord (Does Not Exist)- is attempting to be the world's first juggler who can type at the same time. I won't be on as often because I have school, so if you sent me a challenge, that's why I haven't answered it. (Semi-Retired But Not Really)**



You don't really need them, not the way you need water, anyway. Not yet. You're shaking. You *need* to take one. So you do. You just pop it into your mouth and swallow it dry. Your muscles instantly relax, and you begin to daydream about marshmallow unicorns in a world made of candy.

Each pill brings you closer to the point of no return. You don't stop taking them, though. You can't.

You'll die.

You've been using these for so long that stopping would shock your system. You'd become a blank slate for the pills' creators to write on. You have two choices: use them and sink into a

blissful daydream forever, perish, or attempt to quit slowly. Obviously, you keep taking them. Life without the pills is so gray, so... I could stop, but there's virtually no hope.

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World domination is within reach.

### Chapter 3 by Athul Krishna A



But in the few hours you get between the wearing off of the hangover and literally shaking for the next fix, you have been working on the third option. The Sad Pill. The anti-happy pill.

The happy pill gave you hallucinations about a better happier world, the sad pill gave you vivid nightmares lasting many a hour from which you would awake shivering and drenched in tears, and see how much better the real world is in comparison. But the net effect of both was the same. The happy pill caused you to be addicted to a hallucinate world. The sad pill, because of the horrors of the hallucinated world, made you fall in love with the beauty of reality.

Both gave you a high, one by showing you heaven , other by showing you hell.

You knew it was a big risk. If the sad pill fulfilled it's potential, an equal number of people may end up being addicted to it addicted the happy pill. The world may get polarised between the two, there might be an all consuming civil war. And you might also end up ruling the world.

The risk was worth taking.

You hold the black-as-night pill in your palm, hesitate for a second. But there is no looking back now the shakings are starting again. You need to know.

You pop it into your mouth and swallow it dry.

And black out.

**Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8** (1 draft)

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